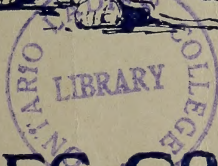


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Vox Collegii.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

Vol XX.

WHITBY, APRIL, 1902.

No. 5

—Vox Collegii.—

Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.

VOX COLLEGII,

*Published Monthly Throughout the Collegiate Year
by the Editorial Staff.*

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Editorial Notes.

One morning this week, while sitting at my window, my eyes chanced to rove from my page to the fields beyond, and there I saw a picture which gladdened my heart. In a large meadow where the grass looked promisingly green a flock of lambs were playing. "For the lambs play always, they know no better. They are only one times one." It seemed to me from a distance that they were almost dancing with glee and light heartedness. "Spring is here," they were saying, and I echoed the glad thought in my heart. Oh! the spring time, does it ever come unwelcome? We love the bud in the fragrant innocence of its closely-folded petals, so soon to be raised in fearless admiration and gratitude to the sunlit heavens. But just now in its child-life, while its inner consciousness is draped in mystery and sweet unworldliness, it finds a more cherished spot in our hearts and minds than the blossom in all its glory. So is it with this season of the year, which is the pathway leading to summer—the full-blown flower. With the opening dawn of spring, the glad time when the blossoms know there is end of the dark, when highest aspirations crowd to the surface, let us be up and doing, eager to accomplish

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION : Per College Year, 35 cents. Single Copies, 10 cents. Extras (to subscribers), 5 cents.

VOX COLLEGII will be mailed to any address on receipt of price. To ministers of all denominations, only 25 cents per year.

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"VOX COLLEGII," WHITBY, ONT.

our noblest and best work, while the sun is high and the fields are green let us remember that the days of "seven times one" belong to the long ago, and that "songs of seven" will soon cease to be heard as they carry us on over the fast-flowing river of time.

E. MCW.

Miss Burkholder has the sympathy of every college girl in her prolonged and painful illness. On our return after the Easter holidays it was with much regret we learned that our lady principal was still confined to her room. Now, however, we are glad to know she is recovering speedily, and before many days we hope to welcome Miss Burkholder among us once more.

Two of our liveliest girls—Miss Queenie Southgate and Miss Emily DeCew—have left us since easter and we are learning since that time just how each girl is missed from our family. Perhaps we feel their absence most in the dining-room, where many of the happiest hours and sometimes the jolliest hours of the day are spent. We miss a cheery word from each as we pass along the halls and wonder what is lacking. As we think of it—for each departure means more than a good-bye to the average college-girl—we wonder if perhaps some action of ours will at some time benefit our school-mates in their life away from the college. Miss Southgate has entered the "Roosevelt," N. Y., Hospital as nurse, and many of the girls hear of her life there. Miss DeCew is at present at her home in Fenelon Falls, but anticipates going west very soon.

A QUATRAIN.

Life's dawn broke coral-flushed and fair;
Golden its noon: with balmy breath;
Night fell, a starless black despair,
And, lo,—Life stretched glad arms to Death.

E. HALL

Clippings.

Make love your principal affirmation, because love is the fulfilment of the law. Love heals, Love comforts, Love blesses. Love is God; and Love fills all space, and where Love is there can be no

selfishness.

—Jane W. Yarnall

To live in continual dread, continual ringing, continual fear of anything, be it loss of love, loss of money, loss of position or situation, is to take the readiest means to lose what we fear we shall lose.

—Prentice Mulford.

Nervousness is the scapegoat for much cowardice, ignorance, and perversion. It is not as respectable as scrofula, which may be inherited, while nervousness is an expression of fear-thought which can be corrected by one's own right thinking.

—Horace Fletcher.

No two minds are alike, and therefore no two worlds. Five years ago your world differed materially from the world in which you now live, because your mind differed.

—Heinrich Hensoldt.

Love is the great spiritual law of attraction which binds God and all His creatures into harmonious unity, wipes away all tears, and heals all seeming infelicities.

—Henry Wood.

When we do love God with all our heart and mind and soul and strength, there can be no room for regret, remorse, rebellion, doubt as to his absolute justice, or anxiety for the present or the future.

—M. G. Church.

If you have a disagreeable duty to do at twelve o'clock, do not blacken nine, ten, and eleven, and all between, with the color of twelve.

—George MacDonald.

Life is a rich strain of music, suggesting a realm too fair to be.

—George William Curtis.

A week filled up with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good pharisee, but a poor christian. There are many people who think Sunday a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.

—Beecher.

A great writer has said:—"The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treason and spoils, and the

motions of his spirit are dull as night."

A pleasing personality is of untold value. It is a perpetual delight and inspiration to everybody who comes in contact with it. To be able to throw the search-light of a superb personality before us, wherever we go through life, and to leave a trail of sunshine and blessing behind us; to be loved because we scatter flowers of good cheer wherever we move is an infinitely greater achievement—a grander work—than to pile up millions of cold, unsympathetic, mean, hard dollars.

SOLILOQUY OF A BACHELOR.

To marry or not to marry, that is the question? and a mighty solemn question it is too. Now if I marry, I shall have a wife; and she will have to have dresses, and jewelry, and servants, and things, and I will have to foot the bill. Confound it all, why do women come so high?

And yet, a woman is an exceedingly pleasant being to have around, with her soft, caressing ways, her daintiness. And then to come home—to your own house, mind you—and have a sweet little woman waiting to greet you with a kiss. How soft a woman's cheeks are, and her lips.

Well, she might paint, and paint has never yet been made that tastes good to masculine lips; and she might be cross; and she might keep a nasty little poodle dog; and she might kiss it and then want to kiss me—

But then there really is something delightfully charming, something that appeals to the noblest and best in a fellow, in a home with a loving woman to preside over it. How exquisitely dainty she looks as she pours out the tea, how her smile as she passes the steaming cup appears to give an added delicacy to the fragrant beverage; and when the meal is over, how very pleasant, how restful after a hard day at the office, to sit with her soft, warm hand in yours and listen to her sympathetic words, and—

Alas she might talk scandal, or tell of her petty quarrels with the servants or neighbors, or talk vapid nonsense about the latest styles in dress or hats. Or we might quarrel, and say mean things, and get mad, and wish we had never met; and then she would cry, and her face would get into those horrid wrinkles, and the tears would rain down, and

she would wring her hands, and call me mean things, and speak of going to her mother's: and I—I—

Well, well, I am comfortable now, and this is a pleasant room, and I can do as I please in it, with no one to interrupt, and if I don't want to talk I needn't and when I feel lonely there is the club and there are any number of women who are always glad to see me, and who never ask me where I was last night, or why I didn't get home earlier, but who do their level best to make things pleasant for me. And when I am tired talking with them, why, I can bid them an pleasant good day and go, and I needn't go back again unless I wish, and if I tire of the company of one woman and seek that of another it is my business and all right. There is no string tied to me, and I am free to seek pastures new whenever and wherever I fancy.

Still, I don't know. There is something missing in my life, a longing that is never satisfied, a yearning for a closer, a more sacred companionship with woman; and I do feel lonely, very lonely sometimes, when I enter my room with no one there to greet me, to welcome me; then my books won't satisfy me, the club is inane, and other women—well, I just can't help but sit down sometimes and think, and think, and think how I ought to have a wife, and little children who would climb up my knees, and put their arms around my neck, and call me papa, and tell me how much they love me.

Ah but children often have nasty tempers, and dirty faces and hands, and are no respecters of persons or of clothes, and are sure to want to climb all over a fellow the moment he puts on his dress suit, and to pull his hair and mustache, and to look at his watch to see the wheels go round, and to keep the whole house in an uproar just when one wants to be quiet.

Well, well, I don't know; I am sure I don't know. But still, if I could find the right kind of a woman. Ay, there's the rub! I had rather hang than get the wrong kind. Yes, if I could find the right woman, I think I would try to get my friend Tom to marry her.

R. D. CUTHBERT.

THE STUDENT'S CONVENTION.

Toronto was the scene a few weeks ago of the largest student convention which has ever been held

in the history of the world. That city saw the uniting of two great countries hand to hand, heart to heart, with all petty grievances and divisions forgotten, bound together and animated by one common religion, ideas and ideals, with the thought of the oneness in Christ surging through each breast and this spiritual unity leading on to one great destiny—the evangelization of the world. The whole meaning and weight of these words cannot be grasped instantly. It takes time and thought to wholly understand their depth and significance, and when we fully or in part divine their meaning, the magnitude of the work they imply is appalling. Up to the present time it has been measured from the standpoint of the natural, henceforth we must view it as supernatural with the presence of God breathing through every effort, then all obstacles being surveyed shall be surmounted.

From first to last this world-influencing convention was carried on with such unique system, well-directed energy and deliberate earnestness that even the most uninterested and thoughtless must have been stirred. It has been a prophetic convention, but we feel that it will some day be an historic one, and that before long. The movement is swiftly nearing its golden age, for never in the history of missions has the prospect looked as promising, never before have as many prayers been sent to heaven, and never have there been as many volunteers and active workers on the field of sin and unbelief, and the expectations of the future have been enlarged by the faith of the hour.

The enthusiasm and power of the speakers held us waiting their every word, their delivery was stamped with such a oneness of idea, purpose and thought. It was wonderful to see such depth of feeling in the young men who composed the brightest and brainiest of the workers. They confronted us with faces fired with zeal and devoted earnestness, ready for war. Many have been out to the front and have returned with scars and wound-prints, and yet their eagerness to return is only exceeded by their fervent desire that something of the power of the work be felt in our hearts, for the needs of the battlefield are so urgent and these needs are within the range of our influence. We have been taught and if we are true disciples we shall not rest until we have helped to lift the curtain of darkness which is shutting out hundreds of millions of souls from a happy, consecrated life. It is not only the responsi-

bility of their souls that we hold but of our own. If love consumes us we shall want to make Him known. "Lo I am with you always" is dependent on "go and make disciples of all nations."

The greatest power God has given to man is his influence. How are we using this gift? We each have our talents; be sure you have not buried yours, have not failed in your stewardship. How can we pray "Thy kingdom come" if we perhaps are barring the way. It is not a question of "am I able to go," but "Am I able to stay?"

There are many who cannot undertake missionary work in a foreign field but they can help with their prayers and interest at home. "Every christian should light up his community for ten miles around him." "Find out the plan of God, of your generation, get your place and fall in line," and if when God given the command—"go"—you do not heed, you are not standing in the right relationship with your Maker. We are not responsible for success, but we are responsible for obedience. The church of God to-day is on a peace basis when she should be grappling with great opportunities.

When a man feels his talent is for the study of medicine he works hard at its profession, and when equipped with at least a fair share of knowledge he goes out into the world to put all that is best in his life into his work. And so with lawyers, professors and nurses—each calls for special training. Well, the field of unsaved souls is sending out a call to us which comes nearer home and which should sink deeper into our hearts than all others.

If more students of ability do not volunteer this organization will cease to be a movement. Let us have students who know Christ personally, and let them have not only the feeling of willingness to go but of unwillingness to stay. Those who are privileged to undertake this mighty work, winning the world for Christ, must be converted, consecrated men and women; but not only this, their minds must be trained and educated, for on the field they will meet problems which shall have to be answered; there shall be dark and dangerous hours when good judgment will be required. They must be strong physically in order to bear the hardships and withstand the disease of the country. They must first become familiarized with the language and customs of the people, and above all they must go well armed, that is knowing their Bible completely and thoroughly. It is their weapon, and they must first

learn to yield it before it can help to save. They must have tact. In a vast number of these unreached countries morality is dead, and the masses of unsaved souls are steeped in lethargy, where children are often either killed or sold in slavery and women are regarded as creatures who must be veiled, despised and shut out from social and intellectual life of all kind as though without honor, moral sense or intelligence. As one of the women in China said, "Your prophet did well for your women; ours did not do well for us." So you must have tact would you undertake this great work. Do not preach to them against Mohamadanism nor ridicule their religion or any of their beliefs and ideas but assume that there is a Supreme Being. Go as a witness of Christ, as a messenger and appeal to their hearts. Tell of His love, mercy and power to save. It was wonderful to hear Dr. Underwood tell of the work done in Korea. After many vain attempts the doors of the little island were thrown open to the teaching of Christ, and not only the doors but the hearts of the people, and the result of seventeen years of labor is a band of twenty thousand Christians whose child-like faith is beautiful. When disappointments come and questions of difficulty arise they look up cheerfully and say: "I'll tell Father about it and it will be all right."

The chief countries on whose shoulders lies the great responsibility of evangelizing the world are Great Britain, Germany, United States and Canada—their indebtedness is signified by their credit. God's confidence in man has increased, and He has widened His influence accordingly. The difficulties and barriers are not a few which lie across the path leading to the evangelization of the world, but difficulty is the stimulus of our movement. It is not a mad, human enterprise but a sublime spiritual achievement, and the students in the colleges to-day are the ones to achieve. Every ideal college has five aims. First, the extension of helpful knowledge, development of the mind, upbuilding of a noble character, the broadening of religious views and the formation of convictions. The old idea was that colleges were the place to go to reap the fields of knowledge but to-day the higher conception of college life is that it is where we go to sow the seeds of learning and prepare our sickle so that when we go out into life we are prepared to begin to reap. When the time comes for us to leave school-life behind and enter the wider and deeper arena of life

let us not go out listlessly but earnestly, with a definite aim in life. Do not let us stand idly in the market places, but let us travel the highways of God, always living up to the best that is in us and being of the noble few who do their duty. To all of us may not come great opportunities of displaying our courage and wisdom before the world, but if we are true to the voice in our soul we shall find each hour of the day offering to us chances to show our character, to breathe out prayers and words of encouragement for the advancement of the highest form of service—making the world know Christ as we know Him. "Those that win many souls are as the stars forever and forever."

E. MCWATTERS.

March 16, 1902.

Locals.

Mr. T. has joined the domestic science class.

Miss Graduate, those butter patties are needed in the dining-room.

We are delighted to see racquets and balls in evidence once more.

Why does Ruby wear that "Frat" pin?—Picture puzzle—Find the ——!

It is rather a slur on the College when the Whitby men begin to advertise for wives!

A bevy of girls enjoyed Saturday afternoon in the woods—in "quest" of "May" flowers.

We would like our town boys to remember that they can't keep up with the style in ladies bonnets, therefore please don't pass remarks. F.'s hat is all right.

Mr. Greenwood has commenced taking vocal practice hour at tea time on No. 2 Bell piano, dining-room; duets, trios and quartettes with lady teachers immediately after tea.

One of the girls, speaking quickly—Miss Wright, may I go down town this afternoon to have my photo taken—I'll give you one.

Miss W.—That sounds like bribery, but—y-yes, you may go.

"Bottle your mirth."

Miss Partridge—Did you ever see a-bun-dance?

Wanted.—A telephone box, or at least the instrument moved to a more private place,

First girl—How long do you expect to wear that coat?

Second girl—About a foot from the ground unless I grow some more.

The opening of trunks after Easter caused many a heart ache. It is only through experience, girls, you will learn not to carefully wrap? such sociable spirits as maple syrup and shoe polish beside dainty dresses and spring bonnets.

Were you ever sea sick? Well then you can sympathize with the poor young girl who was so completely under the influence of the gentle motion of the ship that she cared not whether she lived or died. As it stopped at a port she, reeling to the side, asked: "Is the luggage off? No, I mean the baggage."

"They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given.
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life of bane or mirth,
There's naught with feathers weight for worth
Without a woman in it."

We miss the presence from our college halls
Of Otto, who for many years had been
The faithful guard of this his college home,
But now, alas, no more will he be seen.
With stately grace he used to pace the lawn
And smile at those who came and those who went.
He had a way of knowing and of scattering
The youths who sometimes came on mischief bent.
T'was easily seen this dog was college bred,
Because he never ran or got excited,
And didn't even know what "sick 'im" meant.
And if you frowned upon him looked afrighted,
Alas!—no more he strolls upon the lawn.
He has forever vanished from our sight.
We do not feel his yellow presence near,
And, mourning for him, many hearts unite.

"HELLING."

Ontario Ladies' College, 18th April, 1902.

DEAR "VOX":—

The letter from Mrs. R. D. Cuthbert, which was published in the last number of the "Vox," has succeeded in its intention to rouse the feelings of the American girls sheltered inside of the walls of the Alma Mater, which she herself once loved.

It is beyond our comprehension how the "affectionate ex-pupil" would forsake "God's Country" to live among the crooked "cow-paths" of Boston, where she is treated as the cattle that roam the streets.

We can make allowance for a Canadian being horrified at a crowded street car which, doubtless, never was seen in their quiet "City of Churches." As there are eight women to one man in Massachusetts we can not wonder that a few of them must stand occasionally.

In a short time osteopathy will reach Toronto, as the fashions do, which will prevent the amazement of a modest "Torontonion" at seeing what is a common thing to Americans.

The free democratic spirit which prevades America can scarcely help reaching the clerks, but if, as the former pupil says, they have the "hauteur of a grand duchess" we cannot wonder where it comes from. In a large city like Boston they are too busy to discuss the questions of the day with all their numerous customers, and "work, the salvation of the human race," should lift them above their shabby attire to one who believes in it. Is not cooking work? Wherefore then should not the New England man be proud of his culinary proficiency? But we pity the Canadian man if he has less than a chafing dish to rely on for his daily bread.

And does the six dollar a week autocrat and aristocrat, the Canadian maid, go and pull down the window blind when the sun shines in your face during meals? Not any sooner than the furnace-man in Boston will carry ashes upstairs. I speak from personal experience.

Why is not our country "God's Country" as well as Canada? We were taught there that God watched over all the world, but then some places need it more than others.

But why need Mrs. Cuthbert be unpleasant about the country she lives in, for it is her home at present, and if she is not satisfied there is always the alternative of crossing the narrow border which divides the nations.

FLORENCE WHYTE.

Literary.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

The Library of Congress, as seen from the capitol, is certainly a beautiful building. It is only three stories high but is built of white granite from New Hampshire and covers an area of nearly four acres.

Its style of architecture belongs to that of the Italian Renaissance. It is surmounted by a dome finished, as we were told, in black copper and gilded with a thick coating of gold leaf ninety-two carats fine. Some knowledge of this fact I had gained before and when entering the capitol grounds I declared that the burnished dome which shone so dazzlingly in the April sunshine was real gold. My companions resented this presuming on their credulity. However, circumstances confirmed the statement and the reason given was that by covering with gold there would be less occasion for repair, and it would pay in the long run.

Entrance to this beautiful building is gained by means of about sixty marble steps and through three bronze doors on which are carved pictures representing tradition, painting and writing.

Before the entrance stairs stands a magnificent fountain representing the Sea God mounted on a sea horse and surrounded by other monsters of the deep.

Along the exterior front we noticed the busts of several famous authors set in the niches between the rows of pillars, all of whom were famous in some particular branch of literature.

The first floor is occupied by the beautiful entrance hall elaborately decorated with polished Italian marble. This hall alone was well worth coming to see, but when we turned to the right down the south corridor, the walls and ceilings of which are frescoed by a notable artist, H. O. Wilson, to represent poetry. Lyrical poetry is pictured by the music laurel crowned and playing on the lyre, and is attended by pathos, passion, truth and emotion. It is the ideal of the days when music, heavenly maid, was young. The subject of the other pictures was easily guessed by the characters and attitudes of the persons, all of whom, however, presented the youthful ideals of famous poets—Emmerson, Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, Milton

and Shakespeare—while in the ceiling are inscribed the names of all the famous poets from Socratees, Pindar and Sappho to Hugo, Browning and Whitman.

Turning again to the right we entered the south curtain corridor which is decorated to commemorate the Greek heroes, of whom the most easily recognized were Paris at the court of Menelans and Jason about to set out in quest of the Golden Fleece, beneath which is inscribed Tennyson's lines from Ulysses:—

One equal temper of heroic heart, made weak by
time and fate,
But strong in will to strive. to seek, to fund and not
to yield.

Then Theseus, the man of action, so much admired by Shakespeare, is pictured when deserting Ariadne at the Command of Minerva, Achilles dressed as a girl, when sought by Ulysses and who betrays his sex by choosing a sword instead of feminine ornaments, and last, but not least, the great Hercules, when spinning for the Queen Omphale as her slave.

Then we looked into the senator's reading room, which, though rather small, is luxuriantly furnished, and the ceiling of which is richly decorated with dimly outlined, floating female figures on a gold ground.

The representatives reading room is decorated with Italian marble and at either end are exquisite Mosaic panels twenty-one square feet in area representing "Law" as a woman enthroned on a dias with the doves of peace, the statutes and scales of justice at her feet, and "history" as the muse of history with pen and gold-clasped volume. The walls and ceilings are quite as lavishly decorated, but space will not permit of their description.

The east hall is devoted to "The Evolution of the Book." The lair erected by prehistoric man to mark some special event or tradition—the oriental story-teller Hieroglyphics—chiselled on the face of the monument by the Egyptian, pictograph, picture writing employed by the North American Indians, manuscript, decorated by monks of the middle ages, and the printing press, which is represented by Guttenburg, with the newly printed proof in his hand, show how our books and stories, of which we are so careless, have grown and developed into their present state.

The lobby of the reading-room is decorated to symbolize administration with good and evil, and the

painting show clearly the differences between these two systems of government. The north wall is decorated to show the family religion, labor, study, recreation and rest as elements of civilization, and the mosaic ceiling is inscribed with the names of those prominent in education, religion, sciences and other arts of civilization.

The north curtain corridor is devoted to the nine nurses, and of course were very easily recognised by the various emblems with which they were surrounded.

In the map room were to be seen maps of all kinds, from the smallest division of the United States to the whole world. In all about fifteen thousand maps.

This was the last point of interest on the first floor, and as we slowly returned to the central stair hall it seemed impossible to believe that all this beauty and richness of color and design could be the work of any human being. It was all so grand and gorgeous, so unlike anything ever dreamed of before that it was almost like returning to the glory of ancient Greece.

About half way up the marble stair case is a large mosaic panel set in the wall representing Minerva holding a scroll on which are written the names of all the arts and sciences, the knowledge of which go to make up civilization.

The four corridors on the second floor are devoted to the seasons, graces and virtues, literature and the fates, wisdom and the senses, and sciences.

The inscriptions alone were enough to keep one thinking and on the alert to remember the authors who wrote them, and a whole day might profitably have been spent in tracing to their source the lines under one or other of the paintings.

But when we stood on the rotunda of the reading-room and looked down on the busy readers below, with the comfortable chairs and tables and the wealth of books that line the walls all around the great octagonal building, which is one hundred feet in diameter, it was sufficient to make one feel like the lotus eaters and desire never to leave the enchanted spot.

There was perfect silence in both reading-room and gallery, for there was something in the air which commanded silence, and even those who were fortunate enough to have access to the room and its immense book stacks made no sound as they entered or departed from time to time, for the floor was

richly covered with thick red velvet carpet.

The color effect of the reading-room itself is worked out in various colored marbles which have been brought from all parts of the earth, Tennessee, Numidian and Seina. It is decorated with paintings which carry out the thoughts suitable to the place—religion, commerce, history, art, philosophy, poetry, law and science.

In the gallery from which visitors are permitted to view this wonderful room are sixteen bronze statues, each two representing the most famous men in these branches of reading. Turning to the right the first two are Moses and St. Paul as representatives of religion; then in the next part of the octagon are Columbus and Fulton to symbolize commerce. In the next are Herodotus and Gibbon. On again still further and Michael Angelo and Beethoven are the stately figures in support of art, while Pluto and Bacon look sternly out in search of truth. Homer and Shakespear look benignly down on the politicians who are searching in their works for picturesque attributes or sharp reply by which they may address or answer their opponents. Law is represented by the great Athenian law giver, Solon, and James Kent, who wrote "The Commentaries on American Law," while Newton and Henry support the great pillar of science.

Altogether this was the most attractive part of the whole building, and when we heard that the shelving capacity was four and a half millions and that already the library boasted of nearly two million pamphlets and books, is it much wonder that this seemed the best of all?

Only an hour had been spent in the building, but it seemed a life time, so much had we seen, and even if a week had been spent there would have been much to see even then, for this building is admitted by all to be the finest on the Continent.

Personals.

Miss Agnes Swan has been visiting friends in Berlin.

Miss Ethel and Miss Helen Smith spent Easter at Bowmanville.

Miss Hilda Merner visited Miss Edmonson in Oshawa last week.

Miss Harriett Oliver spent a very pleasant holiday

in Washington, D. C.

Miss Katherine Bramble visited Miss Ada Chown, of Kingston, at Easter.

Miss Irene Hanson was the guest of her roommate, Miss Berta Ogden.

Miss W. Gumprich and Miss Ethel Bullock visited in Oshawa last week.

Miss Helen Badgley visited at Port Perry and Oshawa during her vacation.

Miss McGillivray gave the girls a very pleasant evening during the holidays.

Mrs. J. E. Knapp, of Kingston, visited her daughter, Miss Stella, during the holidays.

Miss Eleanor McWaters and Miss Edith Downey, of Whitby, spent vacation with Miss Belle Dale, Madoc.

Miss Amy Snider and Miss Christine Mathews spent their holidays with Miss Maude Heal, at her home in Mitchell.

Among those who spent a few days in Toronto were Miss Edna Milligan, Miss Janet Crabb, Miss Minnie Michaelis, Miss Lazelle Allward, Miss Edith McIndoo, Misses Bessie and Milly Whyte, Miss Nevada Webster.

Domestic Science.

Still improvements are being made in the Domestic Science department, and we can assure you that each improvement is fully appreciated.

First and foremost, we have *our* dining-room, and we will make the best use of it. We have also a lovely new cupboard and coal box, which add greatly to the appearance of the kitchen.

The first course is finished and the final examination, which we all dreaded, is over.

At the beginning of the second course we welcomed the Misses Jenny, Hodson and Abbott, to our class, and we hope they enjoy the work as much as we do.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

A crimson nose is often the result of tight lacing. Inappropriate diet will also cause it.

Some people are very much troubled with heartburn, but if a piece of orange peel is dried and eaten it stops it directly.

People who live long are usually small eaters. Gourmands so tax the liver by excessive eating that that organ soon wears out.

If the teeth are to get but one thorough cleansing during the day, just before retiring is the best time to give it to them.

Parisian dressmakers have at last come to the welcome conclusion that for the street nothing is fit except a skirt that escapes the side-walk.

Paint marks on clothing, when fresh, can easily be removed by rubbing with turpentine or paraffin, applied with a bit of cloth. If they have dried on, rub with a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and pure alcohol and clean off with benzine.

—Selected.

ECHOES.

"The education in our colleges for women is now one-sided. One thing needed to round it out and make it well balanced is the development of those branches of knowledge which are included in home science or home economics."

—Prof. W. O. Atwater.

"It may not be possible for every woman to be a good cook; Cooking is a fine art. But every woman who is a housekeeper should understand the fundamental principles of home economics, the beginning of every profession which has its root in daily living."

—Mrs. Moot.

"To exalt household labor, to encourage simplicity, more genuine and simpler hospitality, plainer dress, the use of nutritive foods, and to spread the thought that it is not the house we live in, but the life that we live in it that is important; all this is worth while and is part of your work."

—Mrs. Townsend.

PARTED.

I sit alone to-night, though yesterday we met.
Till life shall end I'll love you true, but haply you'll forget.
I pledge unfailing love with lips that do not lie.

Will you ne'er grant the love I crave as all my life goes by?

You seemed unmoved and cold, unheeding as I pled. I think you loved me once: Ah—has the old love fled?

Your actions seem to say that we must sever wide. You've left me love, but should you will, you'll find me by your side.

I fain would hope to gain the love that's now denied. But ah—to my lone heart to-night, the world seems strangely wide.

HELEN L. T. BADGLEY.

Elocution.

Miss Marion Wallace, of Cunnoct School of Oratory, Chicago, gave a recital in the concert hall, Monday evening, March 24th. The following programme was given:—

Romance in D Flat—Organ solo.....
Miss McIndoo.

"The Victor of Marengo".....Anon
Miss Wallace.

"Mrs. Turnbull's Christmas Gift".....M. Suratt
Miss Wallace.

"Nightingale's Song".....Nevin
Miss Petherbridge.

"Battle of the Strong".....Gilbert Parker
(a) "Thomas the Pretender".....Riley
(b) "Confidence".....Dunbar
Miss Wallace.

March.....Sinding
Miss L. Wilson.

"Behind the Curtain".....Anon
Miss Wallace.

"Health to the Native Born".....Kipling
Miss Wallace.

"God Save the King."

Everyone was delighted with Miss Wallace. Her heavy pieces inspired and charmed all, and the selections of Whitcombe Riley and Lawrence Dunbar were remarkably well given.

Our elocution class gave a very interesting recital Saturday evening, April 19th. The junior class gave as readings "Heroe Riel," by Robert Browning, and "The Schoolmaster Beaten," by Charles Dickens.

The senior class gave the closet scene from Ham-

let. The character of King was taken by Miss Merner, of Queen by Miss Badgely, of Hamlet by Miss Hall, and of Polonius by Miss Biggs, all of whom did justice to their parts.

Miss Badgely recited at Port Perry Monday evening March 31st, and also Wednesday, April 2nd.

THE LAKE OF BEAUTY.

From "*The Herald of the Golden Age.*"

Let your mind be quiet, realizing the beauty of the world, and the immense, the boundless treasures that it holds in store.

All that you have within you, all that your heart desires, all that your nature so especially fits you for—that or the counterpart of it waits embedded in the great Whole for you. It will surely come to you.

Yet equally sure not one moment before its appointed time will it come. All your crying and fever and reaching out of hands will make no difference.

Therefore, do not begin that game at all.

Do not recklessly spill the waters of your mind in this direction and in that, lest you become like a spring lost and dissipated in the desert.

But draw them together into a little compass, and hold them still, so still; and let them become clear, so clear—so limpid, so mirror-like. At last the mountains and the sky shall glass themselves in perfect beauty, and the antelope shall descend to drink and to gaze at his reflected image, and the lion to quench his thirst, and Love shall come and bend over and catch his own likeness in you.

—Edward Carpenter.

To Make Transparent Papers.

Castor oil is one of the best drying oils, it is almost colorless when cold-pressed, and is soluble in alcohol in all parts—three properties which especially recommend it for the manufacturer of transparent paper. The manipulation is very simple. The oil is cut with alcohol, the amount of the latter varying according to the thickness of the paper used—the thicker the latter, the thinner the oil should be made. From two to three volumes of alcohol to one volume of oil, however, is sufficient for the thickest paper. The paper is then saturated with the solution, and hung up to dry. The alcohol promptly evaporates, leaving the paper more or less transparent, according to the thoroughness of its solution with oil.—National Druggist.

Dark Room Not Needed to Develop Negatives.

Prof. Francis E. Nipher, of Washington University, makes a discovery that revolutionizes present methods of photography.

By the simple process of over-exposing the plate when taking a photograph, Prof. Francis E. Nipher, of the Department of Physics in Washington University, has solved the problem of developing a sensitive plate without taking it into the dark room. He can photograph an object and take out the plate in broad daylight and throw it into the hydrochinone developer and make a picture. But instead of getting a negative, he gets a positive. The curious part of the discovery is that his positives, print positive pictures. Prof. Nipher's discovery is the result of two years' work, and has made him famous over the entire globe. A technical part of his discovery has been published in several volumes by the Academy of Science of St. Louis.

Prof. Nipher says his discovery is very simple, but when he draws the diagram of the table and shows you how he arrived at the conclusion by taking I. quantities and L. quantities, it perplexes one so sadly that one wonders how Prof. Nipher found his way out of the labyrinth.

Daylight development of plates was discovered by accident. Prof. Nipher had been experimenting in eclipse photographing. He resorted to the rather well known device of getting impressions of coins on an over exposed plate, by permitting the plate with the coin upon it to lay in the light for a length of time. He noticed that there was a halo of light

around the coin impression when the plate was developed. In some perplexing manner he reasoned by means of logic that a plate should develop in ordinary light if the plate was over exposed. He experimented patiently and found out what produced a mongrel plate. That is a plate which is part positive and part negative. He found that if it were over exposed to a certain degree, it would develop in the daylight.

He has developed positives in a room filled with sunlight; also under a strong 300-candle-power electric light. His positives are beautiful, clear pictures. They print sharp, clear photographs. The difference is in the reversal of the picture.

Prof. Nipher has made another experiment which has caused consternation among photographers. He cleaned a plate deliberately of its negative with strong chemicals. He reasoned that there must still be an impression on that plate, even if it seemed transparently clear. He put it through a process of chemical development, and caused an impression to appear as clear and beautiful as a lantern slide. It is one of the most delicately developed plates that have ever been made.

Prof. Nipher says that he expects his discovery will create a demand for a more sensitive plate. The plates at present are exposed from four to five minutes. It will be understood that ordinary exposures are timed a fraction of a second. No new chemical development will be necessary. The best thing for a day development is hydrochinone, and for night pyrocatechinone.

This wizard of the camera has made an enviable reputation in many other avenues of science.—*St. Louis Star.*

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All Voices.	a Fontainebleau -- Nevin - 50	Foxy Quiller—DeKoven - 50
The Perfect Way—Marzo - 75	In Dreamland " - 75	(Waltzes.)
High and low voices.	Napoli " - 75	Princess Chick—Edwards - 75
The Good Samaritan—	At Home " - 75	Sunshine of Love—Rose - 60
Chadwick - 75	Sweet Message—Aletter - 50	Gipsy Queen " - 60
High and low voices.	Longing " - 50	Belle of Bohemia—Englander 50
(Secular)	La Fontaine " - 75	Foxy Quiller—DeKoven - 75
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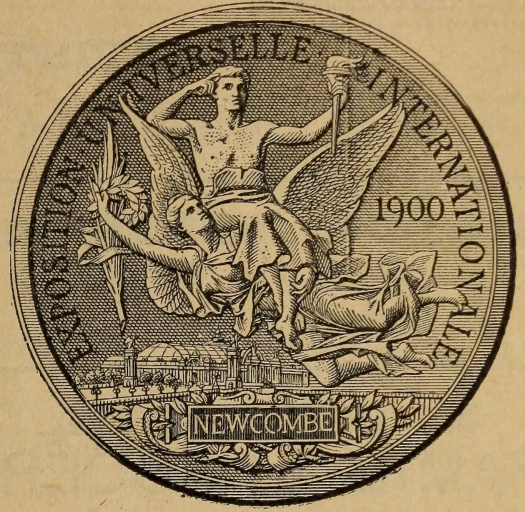
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
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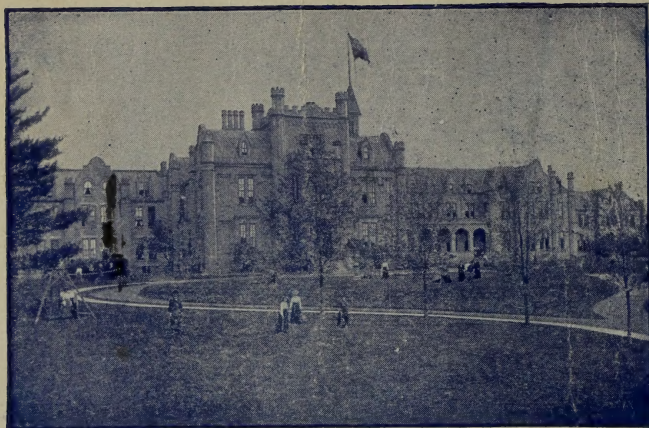
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